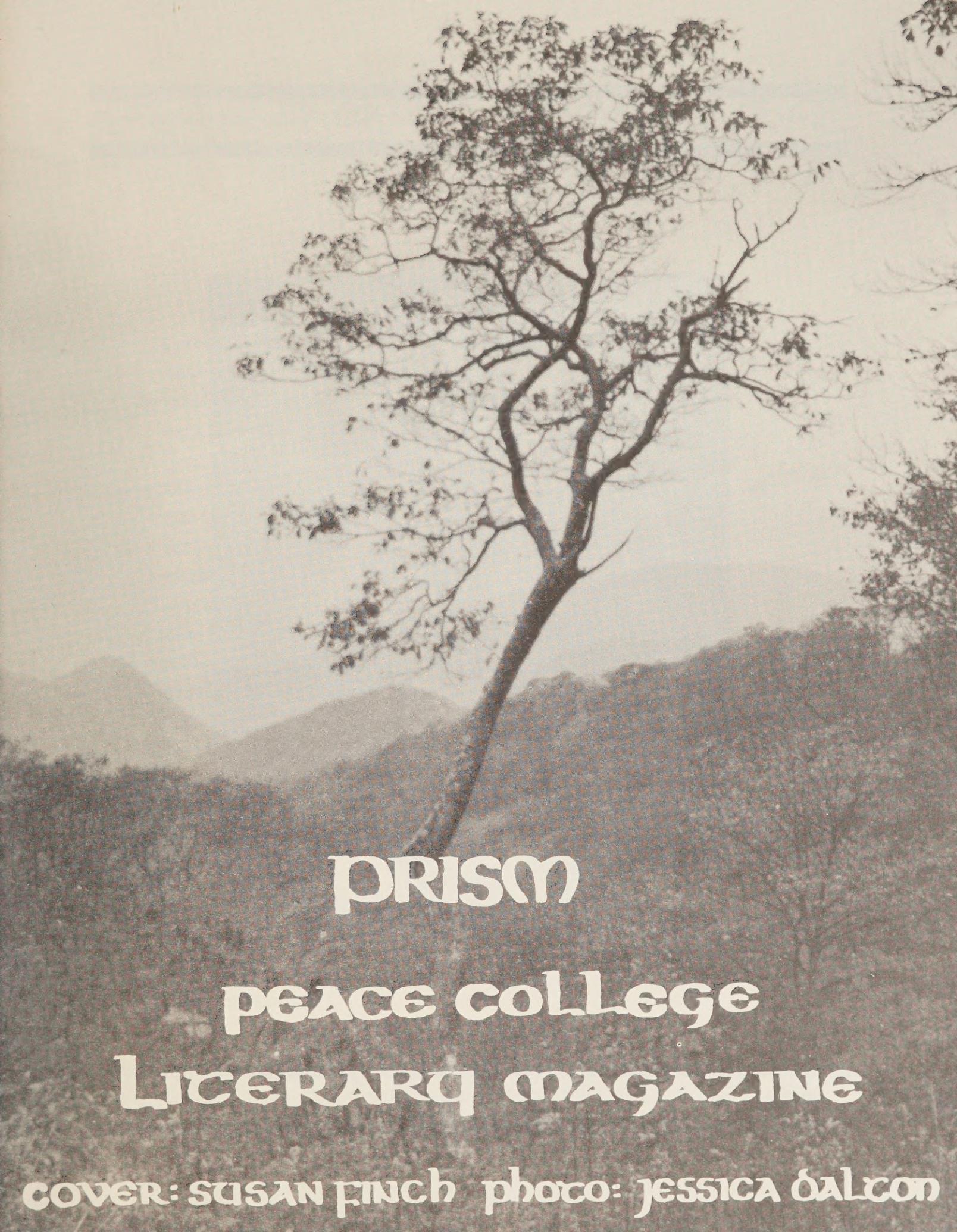


PRISM

1982



PRISM

PEACE COLLEGE
LITERARY MAGAZINE

COVER: SUSAN FINCH photo: JESSICA DALCON



Susan Finch

TABLE OF CONTENTS

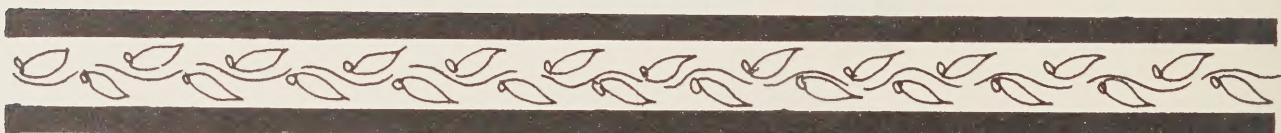
Laura Bailey	12, 23
Jane Booth	14, 17, 25
Caroline Boyer	31
Mary Bullock	38
Lori Collins	14, 30, 31
Kathy Copeland	17, 22, 39
Kim Croom	36
Beth Harris	18, 19
Catherine Jackson	32, 35
Allison Johnson	5, 13, 21, 31
Jane Lindsay	38
Kirby M ^C Millan	23, 32
Sandra Parrish	19
Dana Raper	21, 24, 34
Carla Rascoe	4, 13, 19
Suelynne Remetio	15, 20
Nancy Scroggin	16
Julie Sneed	6, 24

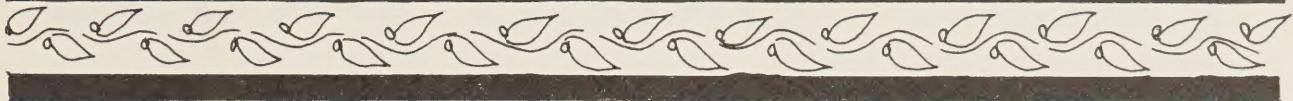
FIRST PRIZE POETRY

HOEDOWN

Everybody now, get on the floor,
Might as well, you can't get out the door,
Step to the left, step to the right,
Find you a woman, but don't make a fight,
Grab your partner "round the waist,
Don't be slow, you need to make haste,
Skip, hop, one-two-three,
Swing around, twitch you knee.
Time now to belly up to the bar,
Come on young fellars, it's just over thar,
Take a breather, guzzle a bear,
Don't leave yer lady, bring her over here.
Take a little rest, but not too long,
Need to come back, get going strong,
Snatch you a hat, get on your boots,
This next tune's for a little bit of loot,
Petticoats a flying, heels a tapping,
Do your best, the audience is clapping.
Time has come for the couples to be beckoned,
Dollars for the first prize, beer for the second,
Judges, call your winners, everybody can't win,
We'll see ya next week, and bring your favorite hen!

Carla Rascoe





Tall and immortal he stands.
His fingers locked in a firm handshake with the earth.
Far above the ground his branches stretch, reaching over and protecting the
seedlings that have sprouted from his loins.
His coat of bark is in need of patching, for it has seen many long winters,
and summers.
Insects have long since discovered the honey-taste of this twigs,
and birds rejoice in the stability of his shoulders.
Scars of child's play crossstitch his base,
and rope-ribbons hang from his boughs.
Sunlight plays throughout his branches, and wise north winds hide between his
leaves.
Slowly he grows older.
Spanish Moss garlands his neckline,
and intricate cracks line the face of his trunk.
One by one his leaves are falling off, and he creaks when the wind pays a visit.
Seedlings no longer play below his branches;
instead,
they stand among them.

Allison Johnson

FIRST PRIZE

POETRY

FIRST PRIZE PROSE

BREAK ON THROUGH

While I was driving to school, all I could think of was that every day was the same. It was always the same thing over and over; and it probably wouldn't change--not until I got to college next year, anyway. I mean, there would be little changes, like maybe I would have a little fight with my girl-friend, or I'd need a new part for my car or something. But like the song says, "after changes upon changes we are more or less the same." I always catch myself thinking in songs. I guess it comes from listening to the radio too much.

Anyway, I was driving to school (listening to the radio), and first off, I don't mind telling you that school is about the most boring thing in my life. The bad thing is, it's where I spend most of my time. I drove up into the parking lot and sat watching people go in. A Stones song was on the radio, so I waited until it was over to get out. It's funny how hearing a song you really like can make you feel a little better the rest of the day--especially if it has good words. After the song was over, I walked up to the school and went in. It was still a few minutes early, so I went on down the hall past the offices, past the cafeteria, and out the door to the courtyard to stand around with Frank and Russell and smoke. None of us has a smoking permit, but no one ever checks anyway. Frank and Russell were talking about going out to the Holiday Inn for Wednesday night quarter draft.

"Wanna go, Dylan?" Frank said. (I'm named for Dylan Thomas--you know, the poet--but I tell everybody I was named after Bob Dylan, and they believe me.)

"I don't know, it depends," I said. They talked about going to the Inn every Wednesday morning. Sometimes I said no or maybe, just to make the conversation interesting, but I knew I'd end up going--and I'd probably end up drinking about five dollars worth, even though beer was not one of my favorite things. It was something to do.

They kept on talking and I stood watching everybody go by. That's one of the best things about school; there's a lot of people to watch--and laugh at. It's a small school, but you'd be surprised at how many funny people you see there--funny to me at least.

From where I was standing, I had a pretty good view. The courtyard was crowded with smokers. Almost everybody had on jeans and button-downs; even the scruffs wore button-downs. It was an infestation, nearly. So everybody was just standing around out there trying to look real nonchalant--like they didn't particularly want to be there. But they knew just like I did that school was better than working.

From there I could also see through the glass wall into the cafeteria where the preps always sat. They did their homework (the girls did) and waited for the other preps--waiting to see what everybody was wearing new, I guess. I didn't hate them, you understand. They got on my nerves, mostly. There weren't many I could really admit to liking and mean it. They always seemed so shallow and all--you know, superficial--like they never showed their real feelings. I never show feelings either, but it's not the same; I just

don't have that many feelings to show. If something happened once in awhile I might have something to show, but like I said before, nothing ever happens around here.

While I was watching, all of a sudden I noticed everybody was moving. I figured the bell had rung, so I just went along with the crowd to my homeroom. I do that a lot when I think--just go sort of deaf and blind to whatever I'm not watching. It's a good thing, though, that I usually get a grip on my senses before I make a fool of myself.

Anyhow, I went to my homeroom and just sat ignoring the announcements, and when Zane came in, I talked to him. He came in late every day. They suspended him once, but it didn't help--he just kept coming late, so Mrs. Stovall just ignored him when he came in. She was kind of senile, anyway, I think. I really don't get too sentimental about friends and all like girls do, but if there was anybody I'd have considered my best friend, I guess it would've been Zane.

He was kind of funny. I mean he didn't try at all on anything--like school or clothes or pleasing people--or anything. I try in a sort of half-hearted way at stuff like that, but he didn't give a damn. Sometimes it didn't even seem like he cared much about staying alive. I mean he wasn't a potential suicide case or anything, but he took a lot of risks. He really did. His lack of concern was sort of rebellious in a way. It's kind of like a James Dean movie or something: "Too fast to live, too young to die, James Dean . . ." I tell you, I'm always thinking in songs. Actually that's a kind of interesting way to think. It makes me feel pretty poetic even though I'm not.

Anyway, Zane came busting in homeroom with his hair flying. He had this long, real blond hair that was always flying every which way--just like him. He was really a small guy; I mean he wasn't too short but he was really thin, so he was always moving in a big way to fill up more space--or something like that. He sat down, and we talked, and I noticed his nervous habits for about the zillionth time. He was always running his hand through his hair, which didn't help it too much. I swear he only combed it about once a day. He wasn't bad looking, but he was so unkempt. About every five seconds he would reach into the pocket of his leather jacket for a cigarette, but then he'd remember he was in class and put his hand down. Sometimes, just for the hell of it, I counted how many times he did these things during homeroom. Anyway, we sat and talked about going to the Inn and we laughed at this prep named Taylor who was in our homeroom. He thought he was so good-looking. I mean, he was, I guess, but he didn't have to know it. I guess I'm hypocritical in that way--I've got blond hair that's cut kind of like a rock star (short in front, a little longer in back) and blue eyes and I'm kind of tall and thin. Sometimes I think I'm kind of good-looking, but I try to stifle thoughts like that. At least I don't do stuff like walk up to a mirror and say "Don't you ever die." I swear Taylor did that one time. The funny thing was that Taylor was Zane's cousin and we gave Zane hell about it. I bet the preps gave Taylor a hard time about Zane, too.

I went to classes and did regular class stuff. There's really not that much to tell. I just sit and listen (I really do listen). I don't take notes or anything; I don't even have any notebooks. I just listen real hard in class and study a little for tests--and believe it or not, I usually make an A or a B. It's kind of funny to watch everybody breaking their backs taking notes when there's no need.

At lunch I ate with Lacey--that's my girlfriend--and Sandy, Zane's girlfriend. (Zane had a different lunch period.) I admit that it's mean of me, but I'm just dating Lacey until I meet somebody I really like. I like her and

all, but the trouble is that she doesn't think a lot of times. I'm not supposed to know that they call her "Spacey", but I do. I guess I just date her because she's really pretty, which is the dumbest excuse I've ever heard. Lunch with Lacey and Sandy is pretty fun, though. I just try to say off-the-wall things that confuse them, which isn't hard to do.

After lunch all I've got is two study halls. I really can't believe they won't just let me go home. But then again, what would I do at home? I did some math homework and finished my physics. One good thing about these study halls--it makes me look like I never do homework, since I never have to carry books home. I was so glad when the bell rang, finally. Two straight hours of nothing can get pretty boring. I walked out to the car, ready to drive right out of there, except I couldn't; Zane had parked his motorcycle right behind my car. I swear he did stuff like that just to annoy me; sometimes I couldn't figure out whether he was just playing or whether he had some secret grudge against me. Who knows? I didn't know how long it'd be 'til Zane came out so I got a bunch of other guys to help me move his bike. It's only a few miles from school to my house, but it always takes about half an hour to get home because there's always a big traffic jam in the afternoon. So by the time I got home, I didn't feel like doing anything but watch T.V. As soon as my mother walked in I went to my room; I really didn't feel like talking to her. I didn't hate her personally or anything, but I just have this grudge against authority. I learned it from Zane. She was always trying to get me to do stuff like cut my hair short in back, wear khakis, and stay home nights--you know, the general parental stuff. She hates it that I don't listen to her. My dad could care less. I think he's lost track of how old I am.

I sat around my room listening to the Doors ("Try to run/try to hide/Break on through to the other side . . .") and the Who ("The kids are alright . . ."), and when I got hungry, I went out to the kitchen for something to eat. Since there's only three people left at home, we never eat together any more. I don't mind. I sat down and ate a hamburger that my mother had put in the oven for me and read the paper. I only read the front page--and Doonesbury. If it's not on the front page (or in Doonesbury) it must not be too important.

After a while I got ready to go out, which really didn't involve a whole lot: I just combed my hair. It was only seven-thirty, but I liked to get out to the Inn early so I could get a table. That way you don't have to mingle too much. As I walked out the door my mother yelled at me, "Dylan . . . it's a school night . . ." I ignored her. I'd almost forgotten she was there.

While I was driving over, I had a weird feeling in my stomach. I wondered if it meant I'd have a good time or what. When I got there I rode around the parking lot to see who was there. I saw Frank's car; Russell would be with him. And I saw Taylor's car (a Mercedes, of course)--that meant his crowd would be there. That kind of made me mad. The preps never came out to the Inn. I mean, is nothing sacred?

I went in, finally, and the place was crowded with preps. But I just walked right past saying a few discreet heys. You have to be careful about that. If you're too friendly with them they'll accuse you of trying to get in good with them.

I sat down with Frank and Russell and talked to them, and then I got up and mingled even though I don't really like to. I talked to this preppy girl named Mary-Quinn for awhile; I liked her alright. We always laughed together at her crowd during English class. She saw it the way I did, but she was kind of a hypocrite to laugh at her own friends that way. Even if they were funny.

As I made my way back to the table, I saw Zane come in. When he got over there, the first thing I noticed was a bright speck on his left ear. I couldn't believe he'd really gotten his ear pierced. I had to think for a minute which

ear you were supposed to get pierced if you weren't queer: left is right; right is wrong. I'm glad Zane at least took time to do it right.

"Hey Dylan, don't I look like Rod now?" He meant Rod Stewart--you know, the guy who sings "Young hearts beat free tonight/Time is on your side/Don't let'em put you down/Don't let'em push you 'round/Don't ever let them change your point of view. . . ."

"Yeah," I said, and he really did, sort of.

"Russ dared me to do it!" Zane was laughing--and so was Russell.

"Yeah? Well it looks tough," I said. Did you give Sandy the other one?"

Then Zane pulled out a little gold ball earring and handed it to me, saying, "I dare you."

I took the earring from him and put it in my pocket, but I knew I wouldn't get my ear pierced. I just don't take dares. I'm not scared or anything, it's just not that big a deal. I mean I don't have anything to prove to anybody. Not that Zane does either, he just takes dares because they're fun. Like one time this guy dared him to go in the 227, which is a all-black club--and he did it--just because he thought it'd be fun.

So anyway, Zane and I decided to go sit at the bar so we could be near the beer. We drank (and drank) and talked--maybe argued would be a better word. Zane had this wild idea about going to Florida to surf that weekend.

"Come on, we'll just take off Friday and come back when we run out of money," he said.

"You're crazy, Zane--we can't just take off--just like that."

"But it'll be fun--and it's so damn cold up here," he said. I had to admit it was kind of cold--but not that cold.

"You're a maniac. I can't go--what about school?" Right when I said that I realized what a stupid thing it was to bring up. I mean, Zane didn't care about school. We kept at the argument for a pretty long time. He kept talking about surfing and eating oranges. It sounded great, but I couldn't go around doing crazy stuff like that. Finally I just told Zane he was a madman and left. He was laughing when I walked away. He knew I'd never go for an idea that impulsive.

I walked out to the parking lot and to my car, trying not to look at people in other cars (you never know what the might be doing.) I drove home thinking about going to Florida and getting my ear pierced, but I knew I'd never do either one.

I got home fine; it was pretty early but I just went to bed anyway. I hadn't done anything big that day, so I wasn't tired, but I was a little foggy from the beer I drank.

"Dylan . . . breakfast is ready . . ." Just hearing my mother's voice made me not want to get up, but I did anyway. I turned on the radio ("Break it straight, deep and wide/Break on through to the other side . . ."), got dressed, ignored breakfast, and left, slamming the back door as hard as I could. I drove to school, listening to more tunes on the radio ("Ch-ch-ch-changes, turn and face the strange . . ."), parked the car, went to the school, and out to the courtyard to smoke. Russell and Frank weren't there yet so I stood by myself and watched like I always do. There seemed to be a lot more action than usual. Everybody was running around like they were on diet pills--talking loud and fast; their eyes were wide and excited. Even most of the preps, who were always trying to look so blasé, looked pretty excited. I figured some big rumour was going around. I tried to guess what it was, but I really didn't care all that much. Taylor didn't seem to care much either. I looked around the glass window into the cafeteria and watched him and a couple of his friends pick up a sophomore and put him in a trash can. They were always doing "cool" stuff like that. Playful guys.

All the nervous action that was going on around really started to get to me. I started feeling like I was the only one who didn't know who broke up with who, or whatever the big rumor was. I was glad when Frank and Russell came out there so I wouldn't feel so alone. I mean I knew I'd tune them out after a while, but I still wanted them to be there. Besides, I needed a cigarette.

"Either of ya'll got a cigarette I could have?" I asked while they were coming up. Russ handed me one, but they didn't say anything. They just looked at me like I was crazy or something. "Gotta match?" I asked. Russell gave me a match, but they still just looked at me strange. I didn't know how long I could keep up this one-sided conversation, but I kept going. "Did ya'll have a good time last night?"

Frank and Russell looked at each other and then back to me. "Don't you know?" Frank said.

"Know what?"

"It's Zane . . ." He turned around and looked at Russell.

"There was a bad wreck on the highway last night, and--" Russell stuffed his hands in his pockets and looked down. "Zane's dead, Dylan." The bell rang like a period on Russell's sentence. I felt like my whole body was blushing, and I got a big knot in my stomach. I looked at the ground, too. Half of me wanted to say "No he's not; get serious," but the other half knew they were right. I didn't know what to say, and I really didn't want any details.

Frank decided I did, and started to give them to me. "He must have drunk a lot; he--" Before he'd got any more out, I threw my cigarette on the ground and turned around and walkd out. I just had to get out of that school. I passed the preps in the cafeteria. They had calmed down some; most of them were headed for homeroom. Some of them were trying to keep the sophomore in the trash can from getting out. I was really getting mad at them. I mean, what was the matter with them? I knew they knew; I'd seen everybody gossiping like mad when I came in. Didn't they care? Then I saw Taylor. He jumped up and sat on the top of the trash can with the sophomore in it, and he had this dumb smirk on his face like "he'll never get out now!" I wanted to pick him up and shake him real good and say "Damn it, don't you know your cousin's dead? Don't you care?" But he'd have just looked at me strange, I guess. It really wasn't worth the pain to do anything like that. I walked on down the hall, flipping the bird at the glass door of the principal's office as I went out. I still don't know why I did that. I mean, it wasn't his fault Zane was dead.

I walked out to my car, and I was really starting to get torn at myself, too, because I'd just been thinking the day before how I wished something would happen. I guess this wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

All of a sudden a chill ran through me and my teeth chattered. For the first time it hit me how cold it was, and I wondered how it was in Florida. I would've given anything to have been there right then--"eatin' oranges and surfin'."

I got in my car, and when I went for the keys in my pocket I brought out something I didn't expect to find. It was Zane's little gold ball earring. The sun bounced off it and I wondered what to do with it. I thought about giving it to his mother--but I knew she probably wasn't too thrilled when he got his ear pierced in the first place. Then I thought about giving it to Zane's girlfriend, Sandy--but didn't like that idea either. They really hadn't been that tight a couple.

I got in the car and looked in the rear view mirror, holding the earring up to my ear to see how it looked. It didn't look too bad. It looked kind of tough, really. I put it back in my pocket and started the car. Then I drove around town all morning waiting for the jewelry stores to open. I mean, a dare is a dare, right?

Julie Sneed



Kathy Briggs

SECOND

CHILD'S MIND

It was a glade
where castles grew
like daisies
and where knights
slew dragons
of mighty
ferocity,
It was where
the fairies
gathered to
laugh and
butterflies flitted
in the air.
There were immense mountains
with gurgling
brooks
and waterfalls...
the ocean thrashed
by one big mountain
and a dove
sang in a
lollipop tree...
Sometimes angels
could be seen in
the clouds
singing a hymn
of the heavens.
Once, a dappled,
marshmallow horse
with wings,
stopped by one of
the brooks
to drink,
His chiseled head
gazed beyond
the rainbow
and
he took flight
once again.
His brother,
the candy-cane unicorn,
lives there in
a field
of marigolds.

Laurie Bailey

PRIZE

poetry



Jessica Dalton

DUSK TO DAWN

Dusk spreads her blanket on the now empty beach,
Stars twinkle and dance in the peaceful night air,
Moonlight brilliance heightens and radiates the stilled water,
Sea oats silently sway arching their backs
 to the gentle soothing wind,
that whispers sweet melodies, sweeping me in its trance.

Dawn breaks as the sun emerges on the horizon,
highlighting the sky with different shades of oranges, apricots,
 and dusty blues,
Morning bursts forth and oil-drenched bodies
begin basking in the sun.
Seagulls squawking and screeching,
stretching their wings in the exhilarating air,
Sand fiddlers scurrying to and fro,
narrowly escaping the white mountain of suds
 as it appears to them,
bringing delight and laughter to youngsters.

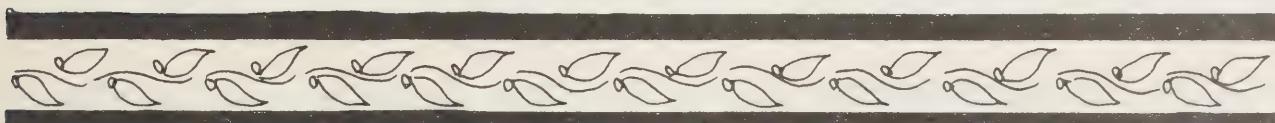
Delightful, exciting, overwhelming----Nags Head.

Carla Rascoe

WOLF

He stands on a distant mountain.
His voice echoes over the vast horizon.
His body shadowed against the night sky, shivers as a breeze begins to stir.
His masculine head raised to the moon.
His fiery eyes filled with the light of freedom yet to be extinguished.
 He is the King of the Night.
 The unrelinquished master of the endless prairie
 Unchallenged by any creature.
He stands alone to rule his domain as the one surviving monarch of the desert.
 His beautiful coat of silver reflects the light of a thousand stars,
 and he is proud once more.

Allison Johnson



THE LAZY SWIMMER

I wish that I could glide through at my own
leisurely pace
Just floating on my back not even entered in
the race
And occasionally turning over stroking swiftly
from defeat
But never actually training as hard as you must
when you compete
And on becoming waterlogged I'd sit by the side
to dry
And become unsaturated as I'd watch the world
swim by
And when I had rested long enough I might dare
to take a plunge
To soak up all of life again as if I were a
sponge

Jane Booth



BEACH SCENE

Roaring waves
clash, pounding the lonely shore
while clouds of a grim gray afternoon
sink
Swallowing the sky
as the pier rock-a-byes its self to the
tune of the storm.

Kimberly Lane Peoples

TANKA

The morning sun peeks
Through mountains and over trees
And makes the dew shine
As if the dew were diamonds
That a giant spilled one day.

Lori Collins

BOTH BLUE

Blue.

Blue is the color
of the sky on a cold
fall day.
Like the air
cold and crisp

Feeling good against
my warm body.

An autumn sky
looks bluer as the
bare trees
lean against it,
sharp and clear.

Blue.

A softer blue of water,
of a still lake reflecting
serenity.
The serenity of the clear,
cold, blue sky
trees turning gold and scarlet

The softening blue
contrasting
and blending with the
sharp
clear blue of the sky.

Both still.

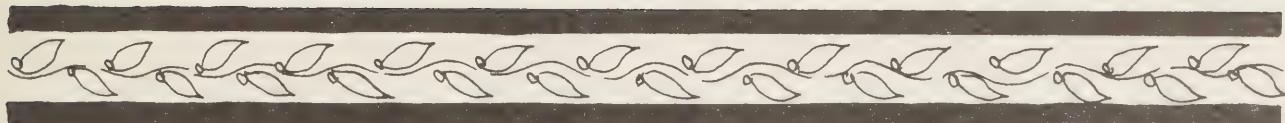
Both cold.

Both awesome.

Both beautiful.

Both blue.

Suelynne Remetio



I CAN'T SEEM TO PAY ATTENTION TODAY

Witches, Hapsburgs, Wordsworth, Nematodes
which phylum, what class, oh! who knows.
The call of the outdoors is so inviting
and $x = 9 \times 1.2$ is less than exciting.

Truly we appreciate our teachers
(Even when they discuss slimy leeches)
Surely they've heard it before, as their
students slowly file out the door:
"I can't seem to pay attention today!"

Oh Mr. Crossno, please Dr. Sturdivant,
Couldn't we give up this chapter for Lent?
It isn't that we're not interested, oh contrare!
We just have to get out into the warm spring air.

What's the matter with that clock, the hands
move so slow,
come on Dr. Kanoy, you can let us go.
It's just ten 'til two (we won't tell anyone)
We need to get out and lay in the sun!

Miss Blackwell, I can't cut this worm
He's too lively and likes to squirm.
"Nancy you're not supposed to cut, but
observe the way..."
I just can't seem to pay attention today!"

Nancy J. Scroggin

SECOND PRIZE

POETRY

DAY DREAMING

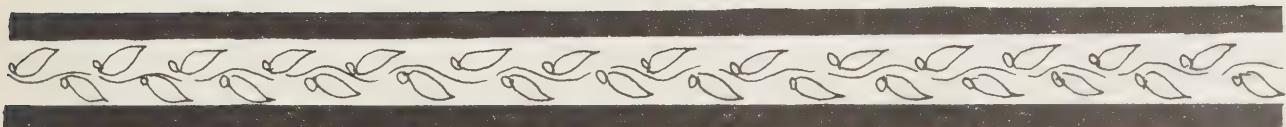
Rain outside my window falls
and oh so softly summer calls
As I into my wet world stare
Wishing I were anywhere
I can not keep my mind on books
When summer tempts with trees and brooks
While sweet birds whisper through the sky
And make me wish I too could fly
Fly beyond these four beige walls
Toward trees and crystal waterfalls

Jane Booth

"HOPE"

There is a voice that cannot be heard.
Inside the mind it is present,
Calling, bidding us to walk through the door of our hearts
Into the eternal reach of time.
Past the memories it wanders,
Casting light upon the shadows,
Into the dark corners where hurt lingers.
Through the valleys and over the hills,
Calling, calling...
"Life is too short," it echoes,
"too short to live the past;
Too short to run through empty gardens
Searching for roses, but finding only weeds.
Open the door and walk into the light of eternity."

Kathy Copeland



PRISM

As we peer through the windows of our smoked-covered glass
We look to empty futures, blighted by our pasts.
We stretch out our hands to grasp what's not there
 to draw back empty,
 blood stained,
 tattered beyond repair.

The glass that surrounds us
Blocking out the Sun
Holds us prisoner with our past
 Can we live with all we've done?
We find no escape from our self-imposed dome
No longer are our minds contained inside a restful home.

And so here I stand, enclosed as I am
I allow none to break through,
You will never try to touch the really real me
 Nor will I ever touch you.

Beth Harris



Linda Barbour

TICK

Crawling through the bowels of earth
Dust collecting between each claw

d r a g g i n g
i t s e l f
a l o n g ,

Imbedding in cracks of skin
S L O W L Y sucking away life's blood
Draining at every twist
and
turn
Lowly, it creeps around on all sixes,
Crawling from victim to victim,
BLOATING in its blackness
It eats away...

Beth Harris

BALDWIN



Singing through ivory and ebony teeth
my voice is an autumn leaf
crescendoing lazily
along a breeze;
my spirit, a song moderately staccato
scaling sharply, striking strongly;
a major chord strikes:
the metronome ticks on
but i am motionless.

Sandra Parrish

SPEAKER'S CRAMP

I see them,
paralyzed figures with motionless eyes,
mannequins,
penetrating my consciousness,
confusing my thoughts,
transforming my speech from a flowing of words
to a mangled maze of mutters and stutters.
God---Help me through this moment
before panic
transforms my legs into rubber
and my feet into lead.
At last--THE END!
Knocking-knees and chattering teeth
are left behind
as I take
that
last
step
off the stage.....

WAR CRY

War.

A shrill whine, then the sound of exploding bombs,
and bombs and bombs and more bombs exploding.

Exploding and destroying everything in its path
Homes, shelters, people---
and a child's toy.

Then the sound of gunfire fills the air, the air
Almost materializes with the loud noise
The flying dust and the shattering of the land
And ideas that meant so much to these people.

What did these people do to deserve this?

In the almost tangible silence, a child cries
Cries for what? For a country to revive itself?
For death to relieve it's pain? Or is it voicing
the silent plea that it's homeland is crying.

Then an atomic bomb explodes and Destroys the whole area

What does it mean?...
What is it's use?...

Suppose it was a mistake---
Just a simple mistake and so many people
Paid for it.

Willingly? Did they actually want to die? No
matter the cause?

Even if it was for something they had
nothing to do with? Except for the nationality
they claimed.

Why?

War.

Suelynne Remetio



WAR PRAYER

I-Alone,
crawl through this stinking jungle,
praying from the bottom of my gut
 that a screaming Vietnamese won't fall from the trees,
 to plunge a filthy knife into my unprotected back.
Silently, sickly I creek like a snake,
scared to open my eyes,
 Scared! My God, not only of reality, but of the ghosts that roam this jungle.
I can feel the cold shadow of dead soldiers dragging through these trees.
 Oh Christ! Are they still fighting in their world of death?
It is so quiet, too quiet, am I alone in this khaki-gray coffin?
 Or is there someone else out there with scared eyes
 just like me.
Jesus, I must have seen a thousand men die at the hand of this Godforsaken war!
 Burning men
 Splintered men
 Dying men
 drowning in the salty blood that bubbles up from their scrambled insides.
AND WHERE ARE YOU WARMAKERS WHO SIT BEHIND FINE CHERRY DESKS
 AND CRUCIFY MEN UPON COLD STEEL CROSSES!
WHERE ARE YOU, BY GOD, AS I CRAWL THROUGH THIS HELL LIKE A SLUG!
 MY GOD,

where are you?

Allison Johnson

The rain pounds hard upon the grassy fields
of Verdun
the fields that once were muddy
and reeked of blood and war
the boots of soldiers
and the boys that fought
were muddied too
the tents were posted in flooded
trenches
filled with all the moldy
stenches
of the fields that once were muddy
and reeked of blood and war
the rain pounds hard upon the grassy fields
of Verdun
and oh too many more.

Dana Raper

CHIRO PRIZE

Friendship,
like fire,
needs to be fueled consistently,
tended carefully,
watched over,
cared for--
for if it is neglected,
it slips away
in a last
 puff
 of smoke--
leaving only
dead ashes,
burned memories.
It starts
with a spark
that is spontaneous
and ignites,
spreading,
consuming both in its light.
It can destroy,
leaving disaster
in its wake--
or it can be
 warm,
 and cheery,
 and welcoming--
like a fire,
like a friend.

Kathy Copeland

poetry

THIRD GENERATION

Our friendship started with our Grandmothers; they Shared Norwood Street long before We were here to play in the Park at the bottom of the hill. Our Moms played dolls together Long before the met our fathers. Now we have, and are sharing Our lives with each other. Mrs. Smith sat us in the Corners in fifth grade for talking; On the Girl Scout retreat we Walked to the latrine Together in the dark, our Toilet paper on a string around our necks, (You said we wouldn't get scared, but we did!) In seventh grade we hid in the woods and Smoked our first cigarettes. The next year we chased Todd, (Neither of us got him!) That morning in July, you were There at my side- Telling me it would be alright. After the funeral, you Pulled me out of my hole. When you got your license- You drove. When I finally got mine- I drove. It always worked out even. The October afternoon I was there- You had helped me- and I couldn't Bear to see you hurt too- And I pulled you from your hole. With both of fathers together with God- I knew we were never going to part. We wore caps and gowns the Same night, and then Shed tears on each other's shoulders. To Raleigh we traveled together, Telling each other that Peace was The place for us. Now, when everything is a mess, And nothing is going my way, Your smile and cheerfulness is close by: A sunshine in reverse to Push through my clouds. I thank God for you Margaret, My dearest friend.

**SPECIAL
MERIT
WINNER**

Kirby M^C/Millan

CONTEST

Two gladiators, you and I--
We approach, circle,
But neither will strike;
My love is too great,
Too sly is your hate.

We draw nearer,
Our backs straighten,
We drop our swords
(Clang! on the frozen winter ground.)
Wind-up dolls,
We smile sweet hellos.
Through geared for confrontation,
We both think twice--
Masks will suffice.

Julie Sneed

So many times
it is so hard to say
what we really feel, to those who are so close to us
to those we hardly know
we can flaunt long words of praise
and not even think about it
but is so much more difficult
to let those special friends know
that they're important; oh so important (and they really are you know)
it seems that real feelings
just want to go into hibernation
for fear of showing
a vulnerable spot
similar to the dragon in The Hobbit
The Hobbit was fantasy through
and so was the dragon
but sometimes
I feel like one anyway
and in the end I lose
because I think I have a vulnerable spot
but it's fantasy too
because special friends don't see them
(vulnerable spots that is)
they don't look for them either.

Dana Raper



SECOND PRIZE PROSE

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Well, I'm glad you could all make it. Getting right to the point. I'm sure you'll all agree that after reviewing all the candidates for the position of associate minister, Dr. Aaron Chandler Saunders is unquestionably the most qualified applicant," said an elderly man who wore bifocals and a grey suit teamed with a very conservative maroon tie. Mr. Ramsay was the chairman of the pulpit nominating committee of the First Presbyterian Church of Coalman, West Virginia. He continued, "All in favor of hiring Dr. Saunders for the said position signify by saying 'aye'--opposed 'no'. Very well then. Dr. Saunders is our new man."

A small grey-haired lady chirped, "Shall I write Dr. Saunders to let him know of our decision, Mr. Ramsay?"

"That would be fine, Mrs. Clark. I think the sooner he gets here, the sooner we'll get our kids straightened out. He's got some good ideas for getting the children interested in the church. Send him a plane ticket right away and ask Dr. Blair if he will meet Saunders at the airport."

The news was all over town within hours of the adjournment of the meeting. Everyone was making plans for the new ministers arrival. "I wonder if he's married, Martha. Perhaps his wife would like to join our circle. I'm sure the children will be just charming," gurgled Mrs. Farley. "I wonder what Dr. Saunders looks like. I'll bet he's tall and handsome, just like Dr. Blair. I want to have them for dinner the first night they're in town."

"Ruth, I'm sure they'll want to settle in first and find a nice housekeeper. I'm going to have my Maggie fix them a casserole and help them get the house in order, so your little dinner party will have to wait until the second night."

Everyone was in competition to win the new pastor and his wife as personal acquaintances. It was a status symbol in the wealthy mining community to be on friendly terms with one's clergyman and to swap recipes with his wife.

Dr. James Blair waited at the airport for flight 517 from Richmond. Jim was a tall man. His blonde hair was so light as to almost be white and his ice blue eyes always sparkled. His jaw was square and his lips stretched thin when he smiled to reveal perfect white teeth. His wife, Allyson, had died in a car accident during a heavy snow, five years earlier. Jim had not only lost his wife in that accident, but their unborn child as well.

Jim was looking forward to having an associate, someone with common interests and a good mind that he could talk to about the kinds of things that ministers discuss. Anyone was bound to be an improvement on the close-minded people in Coalman. They were nice people, though set in their ways, and were forever inviting Jim to dinner parties where they would try to fix him up with their homely nieces from out of town. They just couldn't adjust to a single minister.

As he waited, Jim heard a voice that sounded as if it had been released from a tin can announce the arrival of Dr. Saunders' flight. He began to scan the faces in the crowd, not knowing exactly what to look for. As he looked for Dr. Saunders, Jim was moved by the sight of a tiny young lady who was struggling with what seemed a ton of luggage. Jim was impressed with her

remarkable beauty and her determined expression as she tried to carry her bags. It was more than Jim could bear to watch her struggle, so he decided to offer his assistance, feeling sure that Aaron Saunders would be quite capable of getting his own luggage.

With a laughing smile Jim walked over the the attractive young girl who was still trying to arrange her luggage in her arms. She was still unaware of Jim's presence when she had gotten herself in order and proceeded to move forward only to find her face buried in a massive chest. The girl froze. Slowly, she raised her head, with a look of fear plastered on her face. When her two blue eyes finally reached the smiling face that loomed at least a foot above hers, her face relaxed a bit seeming relieved not to see the angry monster she had feared.

"I'm sorry. I am so sorry. Please excuse me!" she gushed. The girl was blushing and talking very fast.

"That's quite alright, Miss. I was just noticing that you were having some trouble with your luggage and I was going to see if you could use my help. I'm Jim."

"Oh, yes. Thank you. I am having a little trouble here. I didn't know I had so many clothes."

"Where would you like me to carry these?"

"I'm not sure. I'm supposed to meet someone here, but I don't know what he looks like. Maybe you know him--Dr. James Blair?"

"James Blair? I'm James Blair! I didn't realize Dr. Saunders was married. His application said single. Where's your husband?" rambled Jim as he looked around again.

"No! You don't understand. I'm Aaron Saunders. It's nice to meet you Dr. Blair. I've heard a great deal about you."

Jim didn't seem to hear her; he was in shock, his mouth gaping open. "Oh, uh. Yes, it's good to meet you too. It's just that I was expecting--well, you know. I'm sorry."

"Don't be Doctor. I'm used to it. It's the spelling."

"Jim; please."

"Okay; Jim. Call me Aaron. Well, lead the way. Home, James," commanded Aaron in an affected aristocratic accent.

"Yes, My lady," Jim obeyed.

Aaron gazed out the window of Jim's Mercedes at the beautiful countryside trying to think of something clever to say. She was very impressed with Jim. Finally she said what was on her mind, "You mean they hired me and they think that I'm a man?"

Jim smiled, "Not only a man, but Adonis. You're supposed to change the world, or at least their corner of it, and get their kids interested in religion. Boy are they going to be surprised!" Jim shook his head and glanced over at Aaron, "How old are you anyway?"

"How old do I look?" asked Aaron in a manner much like a wishful thirteen-year-old would.

"Not a day over eighteen."

"EIGHTEEN," Aaron wailed. "I guess I ought to be thankful, but I'm twenty-six. They aren't going to want me when they find out I'm not a man, are they?"

"It's possible," conceded Jim as he looked at Aaron. She was so beautiful and sultry, yet in some ways she was still so much a child. Jim could understand her insecurities and he smiled in a laughing way.

"What's so funny! Oh, I see. You don't think I can do my job either. Well let me tell you, my qualifications are the same no matter what gender they want me to be!"

"I know; I agree. I think it's great. But let me tell you what you've got to look forward to, should they decide to keep you; a flood of dinner invitations, which if you accept, will turn out to be fronts for poor attempts at match-making. The candidates will probably be middle-aged balding cousins from out of state who supposedly never had time for a family before because they were trying to get their businesses going. I know first hand because they've been trying to marry me off ever since Allyson died.

"Oh, you're kidding," Aaron laughed. Then becoming more serious she said, "You mean you're not married? I'm sorry. How old are you?"

"No. Don't be. Thirty-five. Any more questions?" teased Jim.

"Yes. How far is it to the nearest rest room?" Jim burst into gales of laughter and Aaron joined in. It was evident that Jim and Aaron were going to be allies against the committee should they decide to Welch on their decision.

Aaron and Jim arrived in Coalman. They stopped first at the church because the committee was eager to meet their "new man".

Jim lead Aaron into the Sunday School building. As they walked down the dimly lighted hall Jim was talking, "Aaron, we fixed up your office with the things you sent ahead. If there's anything you don't feel comfortable with feel free to change or rearrange it. My feelings won't be hurt at all. We also furnished you with a new desk and chair and a name plate for your door. The committee thought it would save time if you were already settled in."

"I'm sure everything will be just fine, Jim." They stopped walking and Jim turned to face Aaron. "Well, I'd like to speak to the committee alone first, to sort of prepare them for the shock of your entrance. Here's your office. I'll be back for you in a few minutes."

Aaron opened the door to her new office. Looking back at the door, she smiled as she noticed the Old English lettering on the gold plate which read, "Dr. Aaron Chandler Saunders." As she walked into the room Aaron seemed to blend into her surroundings. Aaron wondered what they must have thought as they decorated her office with the personal affects she had sent ahead, for her taste in art was anything but manly.

The room was small, bright yellow and very neatly arranged. Aaron herself was only five-three with perfectly arranged shoulder length brown hair, bright blue eyes and a petite frame. She was wearing a pink tailored suit that complimented her golden tan. Aaron glided over to her desk and ran her slender brown fingers across the cool glass top. She pulled out the padded leather chair and sank into it, soaking up the luxury. Leaning forward, Aaron began to arrange the unsharpened pencils in the new gold cup which had been given to her by her brother, Eddie.

Aaron glanced around the room studying the paintings that adorned the walls. Her sparkling blue eyes finally came to rest on a grouping of diplomas and a worried look settled on her unusually glamorous face. Aaron remembered how hard she had studied in high school, college and finally in seminary. She had managed to graduate with honors from all three. Aaron felt it was important that she do well in school so that people would take her seriously. In all of her observations Aaron found that a girl almost had to be homely to be taken seriously, especially if she's a minister and this observation was becoming more and more of a reality.

Aaron had been in correspondence with the pulpit nominating committee of the small town church and had sent them all of her recommendations and references. Aaron had wanted this job most of all because it would give her an opportunity to start her own youth program rather than taking over one at a larger more established church. Now Aaron was beginning to wonder if she had been right in her choice.

The church had hired Aaron sight-unseen by her qualifications and correspondence and that was where the problem lay. The pulpit nominating committee had hired Dr. Aaron Chandler Saunders whom they probably thought was a tall, sophisticated, intellectual, strong young man with a booming voice; but what they were about to receive was as eager, yet demure young "girl" with a face and a figure more tempting than Satan himself. Aaron was like the committee's expectations in a few aspects--she was highly intelligent and strong in many ways; still Aaron feared, that in the committee's opinion, this girl couldn't possibly handle their youth and inspire their souls, let alone do an occasional sermon.

Aaron knew she was going to have to prove herself. Somehow she was going to have to convince the stubborn elders and deacons that she could do the job, but first she would have to earn their respect. The Children, Aaron thought, would be easier, because they didn't know what to expect.

"Aaron."

She swiveled around in her brown leather chair to see Jim standing in the doorway. "What did you say to them?"

"I said, that after meeting you, I felt they had made an excellent choice, that you were very bright and a brilliant conversationalist. And that I knew they'd be impressed with your good looks."

"You mean you didn't tell them?"

"I'd thought I'd let their eyes speak to them when you make your grand entrance. I wish I had a camera."

"You monster! My palms are sweating and you're loving every minute of this. I need some water."

"No problem. The fountain's right outside the session room."

"Great, just great," Aaron said sarcastically. "Let's get it over with."

As they neared the room Aaron could hear voices chattering busily like a bunch of squirrels at an acorn auction. Aaron stopped just outside the door and bent over to drink the cool water from the fountain only to find that it left an after-taste like rust. Her heart racing, Aaron straightened herself and took a deep breath. Walking into the room she said, "I am Aaron Saunders; hello."

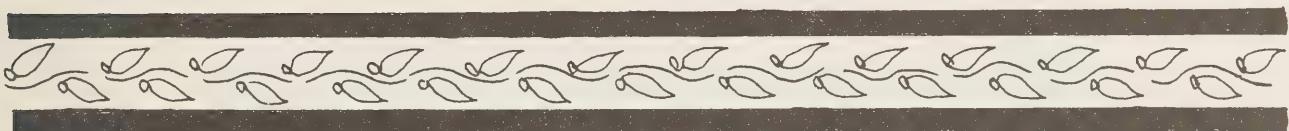
Every face in the room dropped its jaw in astonishment. No one said a word so Aaron began to speak, detesting the awkward silence. "I hope that I will get to know each of you on a personal basis in no time at all." She was sounding more like a school teacher at Open House yet she fumbled on, "I'm looking forward to meeting each of your children and getting to know them as friends."

A barely audible voice grumbled, "Shouldn't be too difficult seein' as she's nearly their age." This was the time, Aaron thought. Confront the situation head on and get to the job at hand. She spoke out, surprising herself with her haughty tone, "I can assure you, Sir, that my age, appearance and my gender have no bearing whatsoever on my qualifications or my abilities. You people hired me to do a job which I am qualified to do. Perhaps as the gentleman unknowingly suggested, my youth will be in my favor in getting to know the children. Are there any further questions or comments we should discuss this evening? If not, I would like to get unpacked."

Again no one spoke, not even facetiously. All Aaron heard was a slow, soft rumbling noise which she mistook for her blood rushing to her face. "I've blown it now," she thought to herself, but then Aaron realized that the rumbling had turned to applause. Aaron blushed and smiled bashfully.

"Well, I'll hand it to you, Miss. I didn't think you'd have any spunk in that prissy little body of yours. We were expecting a brawny man, but--Welcome to Coalman! I'm Arthur Green," chuckled the grumbler in a hearty voice as he stood and extended his hand. Aaron smiled proudly and grasped the man's hand firmly as the rest of the company got up from the table. They began to laugh and talk and to introduce themselves, offering the first of the many prophesied invitations, this time to both Aaron and Jim.

Jane Booth



Susan Finch

"PROOF"

O God, if I could see You now,
my eyes would be blinded by Your light and I could
no longer see the beauty of Your handiwork.
The sky, the sea, the stars--all would shrink before Your presence.
Never again could I enjoy the loveliness of another human being
or become awestruck by the colors of a rainbow.

Thank you that one day I will see You and live through all eternity.
Until then, I will believe, and be content to see You
in the sky, the sea, the stars, and the eyes of a child.

Kathy Copeland



Jessica Dalton

THE PERFORMER

I can't juggle very well
Or balance heavy weights
That pull me one way, then another.
I have deep and open wounds my face-paint can't disguise.
Still, oh faithful fan;
You let the people watch the clown
Masquerade and balance at dizzying heights.
You clap at my performance, laugh at all my antics-
You rush to my finale
And catch me when I fall.

Lori Collins

WHILE I DREAMED

Somewhere in the nighttime of our love you left,
and so caught up in my dreams was I,
that I didn't see you go.
Silently you slipped from my arms,
and when the morning sun opened my eyes,
I was holding only a memory of a twilight love that slipped
away

while
I
dreamed.

Allison Johnson

DECEMBER, 1982

The icicled window framed jagged branches
Of the silver coated tree,
An icy wind pierced groping limbs
And tried to enter me.
The winter morning, chilled and gray
Held fast against the warmth,
I could not feel exuberance
Instead, I sensed the harm.
Of all the feelings I recall
From the frozen dusk of then,
The strongest one was knowing that where
My flesh stopped, yours began.

Lori Collins



BEHIND THE SCENES

We play our parts,
and play them well
But what you don't know is . . .
That my character is me
Like her I love the leading man.
If only he could love me,
after we leave the stage.
But instead he goes home
to her.
And like her, during the performance
I stand and watch and wait.
Behind the scenes.

Caroline Boyer

OLD

In her rocking chair she
quietly sits in the dark room.
The dust covers the books she
once read while young at heart.
But now she is old.

The wrinkles on her forehead show
the long life she has had.
The smile on her face shows
that it was fulfilled.
The silver threads of hair show
that her life has had a few
trying moments,
But the soft look in her eyes shows
that they were all conquered by
her kind heart.

She thinks back to her
carefree days of prime.
Her life was a good one.
A very good one.

She closes her eyes and sighs.
Now she is with God.
Forever.

Catherine Jackson



THE MEMOIR

Chubby, kinky-headed,
Just shy of fourteen,
Walking the lengths of white sand.
Weeks before,
Two, maybe three,
Alongside her brown shadow
There had been another:
Taller, huskier, sturdier,
The shadow of her father,
A man still young with years.
These walks were often interrupted by
Frequent splashes in the blue-green water,
Or the flight of squiggly sand-fiddlers
That fell with a bounce.
Her shadow is now alone,
And will remain so. Those
Days are tucked deep into
Hear and mind'
And the chubby, kinky-headed
Little girl has trickles of
Tears on her sun-reddened cheeks,
For her father has joined the Father.
And the tide drifts in.

I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR TRUMPETS WHEN I DIE

I would like to hear trumpets
when I die...
or maybe a violin or two
or maybe a whole symphony
In rhapsodies of blue...

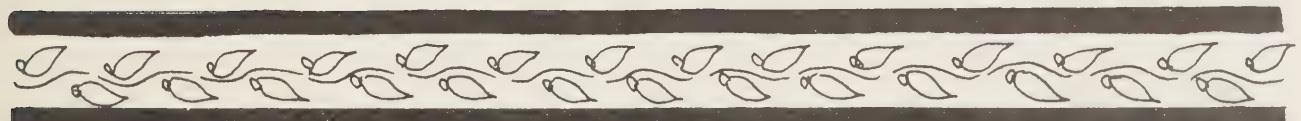
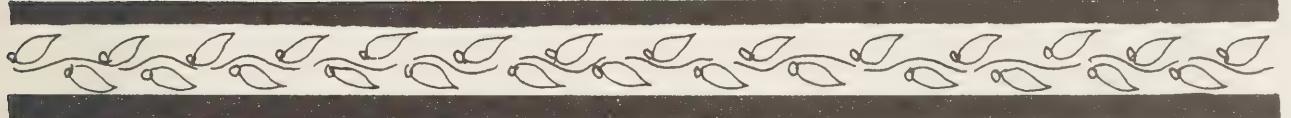
I should like to see the clouds
when I die...
Maybe rest upon one for a while...
or slide down a rainbow...
or see my grandmother's smile...

I should hope to see You
when I die...
Would you give me whispering wings
So maybe I could fly...?

I would like to be happy
when I die...
Not have my eyes bright with tears...
Maybe I'd like to die in the rain...
Would it wash away my fears...?
my pain...?

I would like to hear trumpets when I die.

Laura Bailey



SPECIAL MERIT

We are all closet lunatics
no one ever suspects and no one ever is suspected
we come out in the darkness of rage
when we are not at peace with ourselves
or God
the rage within us torments our souls
and those who know us best are our victims
we spit in our children's faces in disgust
of stupid things they have done
we sling them around
as if they were worthless rag dolls
we are cruel
we curse at them and condemn them
because of our frustrations
and because
they will not listen to US (the all-knowing elders or we who are
experienced in life)
we blame them for problems which they did not cause
outwardly they forgive us for our mindlessness
but our rage pierces them like long sharp arrows
and the pain leaves them slowly
we are all closet lunatics
we rejoice when a rich uncle dies
and curse those we do not like
we forget GOD
and fight within ourselves to solve our problems
everything in us comes out at our times of deep despair
and there is no refuge perceived by us
except death itself
we are locked up within our own circles
driving ourselves more insane
 to cause more problems
 to cause more pain
 to cause more people
 to come with us to our closets
 to hide
but it hides us little more than did a fig-leaf Adam
we are all closet lunatics
sometimes we remember God and praise him
and sometimes we follow Him
planning to be great people
until problems build up and the rage within us returns
and we expose our insanity once more
only by the grace of God may we be forgiven
for we are all closet lunatics.

Dana Raper

GRANDPA

There he sat, on the sea wall,
my grandpa,
And here I sat, up on the balcony
of the beach cottage.
He fished
And I listened to music.

I stared at him, trying to
think up poetry,
And every once in a while he
glanced at me
As he threw his line in the water.

It was truly a beautiful sight
to watch grandpa
As he waited for a nibble.
It was a picture that I wish
I could paint,
But I continued to write.

He reached in his pocket for
a cigarette
And leaned back to catch
a salty breeze.
He watched the reflection of
a seagull in the water
And reeled in his line with
a motion that led me to
believe that he enjoyed every
moment of his life to the
fullest.

There he sat, on the sea wall,
my grandpa,
And here I sat, up on the balcony
of the beach cottage.
He fished
And I listened to music.



Catherine Jackson

GROWING UP

Children see the world in which they live as a world of cookies, jello, and sunshine. Visiting Grandma can be the highlight of a child's day, and the simplest things can entertain children for hours. However, a day comes for all of us when we realize that the world we live in is not as magical and delightful as we had always believed.

I can recall the lazy Sunday afternoons we would drive to Granny and Granddaddy's house for dinner. I would be so excited when we finally got there that I'd practically break my neck trying to get in the door. I'd fall into my Granddaddy's strong arms and give him the biggest bear hug I could work up. Then I'd squirm my way loose, and just as soon as my feet hit the floor, I'd run straight into the kitchen because that's where Granny would be. Her first words were always, "My, you are pretty as a picture." As she was fussing over my dress, my eyes would be searching for the cookie jar. Within no time at all, my chubby little hands would be crammed full of cookies. I would walk back into the den quite innocently and sit down in Granddaddy's lay-back chair. Mama usually cast me a warning look, but she never said anything about the cookies. She knew that, against Granny, she wouldn't have a chance! Sometimes Granddaddy's dog would jump up into the big chair with me and we'd share the remaining cookies. Other times I'd go and find Granny's old rag doll, and we'd play house on the front porch.

Granddaddy had a very old piano in the front room. Even though the white keys were worn and some of the keys only produced a mere squeak, I would sit and play my little heart out.

Right before it was time to eat, I'd skitter into the kitchen to help Granny set the table. I was always so pleased because, at Granny's house I could set the table as I wanted. One thing I never had to worry about was having to eat vegetables I didn't like-for the simple reason that Granny never cooked that kind.

There was always red jello for dessert and lots of fluffy white cream to put on top. Sometimes when we would be clearing off the table and washing dishes, Granny would give me a spoon and the remaining cream in the bowl to take outside and eat. I'd go and sit on the back doorstep with the bowl in one hand and the spoon in the other. Yet I never really saw any need for the spoon when my finger did just as well.

After the dishes were washed and put away, Granddaddy and I would sometimes take a walk. We'd laugh and talk about everything. I always felt so safe and happy as his big hands warmed my little chubby ones.

When it is time to leave, I would hug Granddaddy's neck real hard again. He would always slip a fifty-cent piece in my pocket without anybody else knowing it. As our car pulled out of the drive and down the road, I'd wave good-bye until I could no longer see them out of the back window.

Today, when I run up the creaking front steps, I still get that excited feeling for a moment-until I come back to reality and remember there's only Granny to visit now. Granddaddy's lay back-chair is sitting all alone, and when I walk past it, I feel very empty inside. Part of me still wants to run and jump into his arms, and the other part of me knows that these joys are gone now. Granny doesn't cook very much except when we come by on Sundays as we used to. As I walk to the front porch and gaze out the window, I recall all the happy times I once had playing with Granny's old doll.

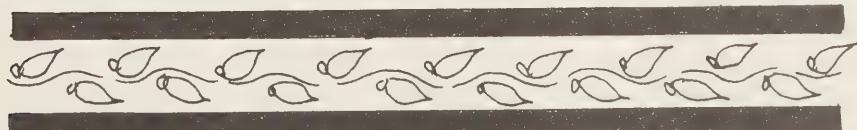
The piano still sits in the front room where it has sat all these past years. I was probably the last person to play it. As I walk through the kitchen, I notice the old cookie jar, and I remember how used to cram my hands full of Granny's cookies. I reckon that, as we grow older, the magic of childhood is lost along the way.

I hope that, in the years to come, my grandchildren will have the same fond memories I have of my grandparents. For my childhood was truly a delightful time of cookies, jello, and sunshine.

Kim Croom



Jessica Dalton



REPORTER'S ANALOGY

The snow falls lightly over Albany
Glistening, smothering the
Empty streets, deserted cars.
Twenty-three years old,
Sleeping soundly under the warm quilt
The streetlight beaming through her golden hair.

Morning.

Bare feet touch the hardwood floor.
Snow still falls; each day had become routine
New deadlines, tough stories,
4:00 a.m. phone calls, \$225 a week.
A moment's rest brings visions
Of North Carolina dogwoods.
Realty brings hard news,
Suffering,
Brutality,
Loneliness.

Evening.

A chilling December wind blows in moonlit skies.
So dark, so cold, so chilling,
Almost evil.
New York winters filled with despair, emptiness
Stand aside for this
Daring, independent young woman.
Aware, alert, unafraid.

Careers, often eternal, often monotonous
Changes come with seasons, weather, places, stories.
A sigh escapes this
Hardened, unmoved female, as
The snow falls lightly over Albany.

Jane Lindsay

DREAMS

Dreams are like seagulls flying soundlessly in dark
corners of unaroused mind;
Searching endlessly for survival.
Thriving on sleep, fantasies, and disillusioned
theories.
Some dreams are like parasites, clinging to the
mind for life but often killing actual thoughts.

Mary Bullock

GROWING FLOWERS

A poem of flowers is hard to write
But I'll try to make a start.
Read it carefully, my mother
And with an open heart.

You see, I am a pansy
Young with many dreams.
I am so inexperienced
Or so to you it seems.

Think about it mother.
Sit down and realize
That I see much and many things
With these small black eyes.

Humility, suffering, hurt, and pain
I have come to know,
But along this river of regret
Some happiness does flow.

I can remember, mother
The tears together we've shed,
The laughter shared between us,
And the times that from you I've fled.

The growing of a pansy
Is somehow hard to do.
It's being in this flowerpatch
That holds me in my youth.

Please understand my feelings
And if you love me let me go,
To find my way to womanhood
Where roses like you grow.

Catherine Jackson

For mending broken bridges and taking our first steps to cross over to the other side...

And finding our way back to Spring.

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